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The

MISSILE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Keepsakes	Ruth Akerman 3-14
Thistledown	Elizabeth Ellis 15-25
The Enchanted Realm	Honorio Moomaw 27-35
The Missile	37
A Ghost Flivver	Frank Temple 39
A Nature Worshiper	Ruby Perkins 44
My First Impression of A Football Game	J. Leon Cantor 44
My Old Apple Tree	James Tison 46
His Nemesis	Elliott R. Fisher 46
God's Way	Harriet Pope 50
Nunquam	Ruth Akerman 50
A River	Irene Simonson 51
The Kid	Stanley Clarke 52
Wonders	Frances Manson 56
That Horrible Bridge	Powell Lum 57
The Night Wind	Susie Hamilton 58
On Stony Ground	Virginia R. Gilliam 59
The Stars	Alice Ruffin 62
Personalities	Frank Temple 62
Adoration	Robert Pully 63
Two Rivals	James T. Whitehurst 64
Whimsies	Virginia Gilliam 66
Editorial Comment	67
Little Missiles	69
Scraps	72
Advertisements	75

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KEEPSAKES

— **BY** —

RUTH AKERMAN

KEEPSAKES

KEEPSAKES

In imitation of Stevenson

These things shall speak of me when I am far away:
Night in the forest and the dawn-streak gray,
Bird-call and murmur of the brook among stones,
Clear coal of oak wood and bright flame of cones.

You'll feel again my presence, repeating what we learned:
Glad swing of muscle and smell of earth fresh-turned,
When you feel again the gladness that we as planters know
In helping prisoned seedlings come out of bonds to grow.

And I shall still be near you though sea or death divide,
At evening when your children come push your book aside,
The old demand of childhood on every eager tongue,
"Tell us now a story of when you were young."

REPAIR

I found Mother Earth as she mended and patched;
She welcomed me warmly and showed me her sewing.
"A fort was blown up where the strong pines are growing."
She worked on the old battle-rips while I watched.

"Such underbred boors are these men when they quarrel!
They tear my best gown, spill upon it their blood,
Rip fine-wrought embroidery, green leaf and bud;
They need better manners, not ribbons nor laurel."

Came a cow, fragrant-breathing, to drink the cool water,
Deep murmured the bees on the hot sunny slope,
The wind from the pines brought the vigor of hope,
And ripe corn was tall on the scene of old slaughter.

MY TREASURES

I take life's wondrous gifts in humble awe:
The fragrance of a blossom in the rain;
The golden haze above a field of grain;
The flash of pigeons' wings; the blooming haw
On hills in early spring; the morn I saw
Red sunrise on the ocean; sung refrain
In deep rich sadness born from weary pain
Of toiling peasants. One by one I draw
These beauties from their case; among the rest,
Sincerely plain, in simplest deed as great
As in your greatest act, so simply done,
Your quiet grandeur by yourself unguessed.
I keep them all, but this I separate
From all the other beauteous things I've known.

CLOSER KNOWLEDGE

I pity all those who, content with your picture,
Thinking they know how you look, never learn
The change of your color, your attitudes, motions,
The ring of your laugh, your attempts to be stern.

They miss the best part who must read but your words,
Without sound of your voice, without light of your eyes,
Without knowledge of motives or hid inner meanings
The literal phrases like symbols disguise.

What can those people not meeting you know of you?
Only what portraits, biographies show.
I am the privileged one who can study
Your life yet unwritten while watching you grow.

THE ERRAND

I brought the calf my pa sent hers, and drove it up to the barn.
Her brother left plowing long enough to come and spin me a yarn,
While he helped me load my wagon full of potatoes out of his bin.
I saw her ma in the chicken yard with the kids—I saw her kin—
I did the jobs I was to do and saw her folks beside,
But like I've had a meal of chaff I'm still unsatisfied.
Pa sent me to get potatoes and fetch her pa the calf;
My part of the errand's yet to do—the most important half!
I'll find the kitchen where she churns, and ask the time o' day.
I got to have a sight of her before I go away.

THE FAVORITES

Boldly trivialities claim us for their own;
Shy love of beauty walks apart, alone.

Greedy trivialities eat our lives away—
Starving love of beauty may not taste a day.

Smug trivialities play for our acclaim,
We banished love of beauty and never asked her name.

THE HARP

I bowed in voiceless grief; the coming night
Wrapped round me cold and slowly deepening shade,
And my poor harp in earnest effort made
Lay fallen at my feet. No longer might
I hope to please the King for whose delight
I planned a great harp worthy to be played
By him, and now by saddening failure weighed
I never could find favor in his sight.
So mute with grief I sat as darkness grew,
But while I grieved came one who softly bent

And lifting touched the harp and made it sing.
Amazed, I cried, "O marvelous, powerful, who
Are you?" With music then sublimely blent,
Majestic answer came, "I am the King."

STARLIGHT

Unknown who might have made herself a name,
She wastes her days with children; for a high
Profession trained and needing but to try
A place of honored prominence to claim,
She sews, unheeding former lofty aim;
Tends babies while the brilliant prospects die.
Was it for this she spent her youth to buy
Her skill—to scorn the chances when they came?
The starlight hurtling earthward through the years
Arrives undimmed by length of time; although
Unknown, she works among her children till
In all her children's lives her light appears.
Uncounted mothers dead long years ago
In their descendants' lives are shining still.

REVALUATION

Because she lived with us we never knew
How great a need she filled, how large her share
Of life—We breathe, but never thank the air
For being ours; accepting as our due
Accustomed privilege, we daily drew
Upon her store of friendship, unaware
Till she was gone how hard she was to spare.
She trusted us; in her belief we grew
Some part of what she thought us, and our lives
Expanded in our strong attempts to reach
The growth she thought we had already won.
Development on expectation thrives.
Now chilled by others' doubting, all and each,
We need her as the saplings need the sun.

INSTEAD

Yours is a trouble I once knew
In the days that are done.
Yet I may not bear the pain for you,
Beloved son.

I could be patient in the strain
Of your distress,
If I instead could bear your pain:
I should suffer less.

RESERVES

What does she think when she's quietly walking;
What are her thoughts on the street all alone?
When she lies newly waked in the night's brooding silence,
And need for disguising and seeming is flown?

Rare moments were mine when she lifted the curtain,
Revealing the closed Inner Room where she dwells;
I felt in an instant, unshaped and unworded,
The hidden motion her talk never tells.

DESTINY

In vain we beat against the firm-closed door,
Hard, cold, immovable; in vain we call
For her who left us though her tasks were all
Unfinished. "Open, gate," we long implore,
"We need her in our games, our work. Restore
Our sister." Though the echoes empty fall,
That moment in our midst appears a tall
Bright messenger. "Be patient, call no more.
Obedient to the same compelling will
That shaped the world, she sleeps, to come again
Among you, waking in the appointed hour.
His plans fail not. Earth shall not pass until
His purpose grows complete; rejoin her then.
Together know His glory and His power."

THE GOLD FISH

His body has a streaming line;
From black-rimmed eyes alertly staring
Sweeps the curve to double flaring
Tail translucently aquiver,
Spots of sun, the color-giver,
On the lapped scale-armor shine.

Swift he comes, with bending glide;
His head the water sharply cleaving,
Sinuous tail no ripple leaving.
Unquenched sun-red sullen glowing
Under molten golden flowing
Into opal underside.

He surely tints the pearly sheen
On spiral shells, with golden glimmer;
Opalescently they shimmer.
Through the water still unrippled
Brilliant darts the sunlight stippled,
Past the moss-plumes' living green.

THE STABLE BOY TO THE NEW HAND

I like good tools; my sharp-edged stiff new brooms
Reach into corners better than the old.
You sweep the stalls when I've raked out the straw.
I wonder how this innocent leads his class?
He's two years older'n me and never learned
To hold a broom. The green unseasoned stick!
You're working, boy, not playing dominoes!
The stable-cleaning's up to you and me,
To keep these horses healthy. Do it right!
What do you learn in High School if you can't
Sweep all the corners clean?

THE OVERWISE CHILD

A body huge unformed he sprawls,
With dull unnumbered scales of stone;
From redly glowing lungs his breath
In sooty rolling clouds is blown.
His tentacles are never still
From smooth continuous writhing glide.
In whirling dynamos he speaks,
Imperious, youthful, undenied.

The mother of the overwise,
Though ages old, seems far more young.
She wears about her for a robe
A forest bordered hillside flung.
She hears his roaring boast of power
In belted wheels of shop and mill,
And smiling knows her noisy child
Must have her constant helping still.

DISTURBANCE

Three small girl-children in their beauty clad,
Bare of all else, came singing through the trees,
When Betty halted, gazing down ahead
Into a shaded glen where ancient oaks
Hung over lichened rocks and pool. Silent
She felt as though the quiet spoke, "Small things,
What right have you to break my primal hush?
This was my valley in the ages gone
Before your scanty days were worth a dream."
She stood, but Carmel of the crimson lips
And wren-brown Anna called her as they ran,
Spurning the rough cold rocks with winged feet;
Then Betty following saw the waking pool
In plashing music leap to greet their plunge.
But Betty, pulling down an oak-bough, swung;
Warm-glowing, glistening, came they from their bath,

To drag down other boughs; the admitted sun
With golden stipples decked the dancing pool,
While all the glen with children's laughing rang.

MAPLE HOLE

Nobody knows how long ago,
Some young Indian passed this way;
A child of the vanished Quinnipiac
Thought it a capital place to play;
Bathed in its waters and told his friends,
Just as we tell our friends today.
But nobody knows the trail he took,
Nor our hidden pathways on Beaver Brook.

It's only guys that can hold their tongues
That we fellows let into our private club;
The meetings begin with a splash and end
With a dog-like shakeoff instead of a rub.
And we sun on the rocks in our birthday suits;
You bet it beats the Saturday tub!
Where vines and willow screen our nook,
Our woodland palace on Beaver Brook.

MY BROTHERS

First Version

There is the oldest of my brothers,
Robert, standing apart from the others,
The tall strong slender lad of ten
Straight as a sapling and brown as a wren,
With oval face and bright dark eyes,
In which a twinkling merriment lies.

The next is Nigel, aged eight years,
With the thoughtful expression he usually wears. ~
Set and resolute is the chin,
Giving promise of purpose within.

Where is Gifford, the six-year-old?
Gone, but of him too you'll be told;
There he is now, by the bushes,
Great dark eyes intent on the thrushes,
Red lips parted, body still,
Enchanted by the sweet song-trill.

Second Version

The ten-year lad with bright brown eyes,
On the bay mare mounted yonder,
Is brown and strong as the wild grapevine,
And straight and tall like the sapling pine
Whose boughs he is riding under.
No saddle parts him from the mare,
She wears no bridle-leather;
In the rippling breeze and the morning sun
Boy and horse take the road as one,
To gallop away together.

A lad sits high in the oak's strong arms,
Rich scenes in his fancy glowing;
He thrusts his hair from a forehead high
And his great gray eyes on the story lie,
For the plot of the tale is growing.
His years seem more than their actual eight;
Strong purpose his chin foreshadows.
Through the leafy arch close over him bent,
The sun looks down on the lad intent,
And smiles at the distant meadows.

The brook in the wood flows on adance,
And a child sits near, enchanted;
His soft dark eyes on a bathing thrush,
And joy, shown in his cheek's quick flush,

At the glimpse of the wild-thing granted.
His hair, like the sweet-throated thrush's wing,
The breeze passes lightly over,
And touches his youthfully molded form.
His six years' life on his lips glows warm
As the bird-notes round him hover.

SONG OF THE THRUSH

In the sparkling cool of the crystal pool
I sport, till joy o'erflowing,
The pearls from my wing I toss, and sing
The love of all things growing.
Happiness! Happiness! Joy and light,
The melody fills my throat,
And flute-trills clear float into the air,
With a lingering long bird-note.
Happiness, happiness, life aquiver,
Gleams in my song like the sun on the river.
Joy and light! Life! Love of the Giver!

UPRIVER

Her tawny round arms fought the push of the stream
Against the brown river upcurrent rowing;
Her boat and her swimming suit richly brown,
As the cattails far in the marshlands growing.
Hickory-rugged, cord-pliant, her frame
Bent like a bow at the moment of aim.
Steadily, mutely, she battled alone
The silent old stream unrelentingly flowing.

THISTLEDOWN

—BY—

ELIZABETH ELLIS

THISTLEDOWN

ECSTASY

I'm standing here a-tiptoe on the hill
With head flung back and arms stretched to the sky;
My heart is glad, my being set a-thrill
By all the wondrous beauty that is nigh.
When off my hill and down among the throngs,
I have to hide the feelings that arise;
They would not understand that these my songs
Are but my thanks here wafted to the skies.
An apple bough that's budding in the spring,
A stream that's all aglow with setting sun,
Make glad my heart and make my lips to sing;
I leave the clouds and to my hill-top run.
Here I am free, for I am one of these,
A sister to the flowers and the trees.

VANITY

You know that man? The one who's all puffed up?
Who holds himself so haughty and so proud?
He drew the cover for this book I hold,
The greatest piece of work in many a year.
The book, I mean; the cover's nothing much,
But there are men like that and always were.
Now that man yonder—no, no, look this way,
The little one who keeps himself apart,
Who looks as though he'd never done a thing,
Well, he's the one who has a right to strut.
You see, he wrote the book.

THE WINDS OF LIFE

I walked beside the road at parting day,
When Autumn winds were blowing drearily,
And heard the voice of winter in the air;
My steps were slow and taken wearily.

Because my head was bowed and eye cast down,
The dusty road encompassed all my view;
With mouldy leaves and withered grasses there,
A bleak and cheerless world was all I knew.

I raised my eyes and stopped in wonder, held
By all the glory that I saw around;
The whirling, dancing leaves made me forget
That I had heard an ominous wintry sound.

My heart was glad as now I gazed about
And saw the flaming splendor of the trees;
The golden wonder of the leaves and flowers,
Beneath a sky as bright as all of these.
And oh, I thought, it is the way with life—

We lift our eyes and see that all is good;
But if we keep our eyes upon the dust,
Its blustering winds are never understood.

THE WASTER

They call me shiftless; say that I waste time,
Because I leave my tasks behind
And seek the hillsides, there to find
A peace and happiness that is sublime.

How can they hear the robin's cheery song,
Or feel the breeze that brings to me
The perfume of the wild plum tree
And say because I go that I am wrong?

Oh, God would not have given me to love
 His trees and birds and flowers so
 Had He not meant for me to go,
 And send my happy songs with theirs above.

SPRING

A very bashful maiden is the spring,
 Who stands in shy confusion at the door;
 She hesitates her offering to bring,
 Her presence here with us we must implore.

She gives us just a radiant glimpse and then
 Her lovely, blushing face is turned away;
 Oh, great will be our joy and gladness when
 We know that she has come with us to stay!

Her smile is bright, her glance is heav'nly blue,
 Of golden sunbeams are her tresses made;
 Her dress of green is softest, fairest hue,
 And in her arms are fragrant flowers laid.
 She brings to us a message that is true—
 "Look up! Be glad! Begin life now anew!"

APRIL

When cherry blossoms are drifting down
 In fragrant, snowy showers,
 And winds are blowing warm and sweet
 With incense from the flowers;

When buds appear, and on the trees
 The first green leaves are showing,
 When birds are busy building nests,
 And streams are overflowing;

When sturdy plowmen in the fields
Are o'er their furrows bending;
And barefoot children laugh and play
Their songs with nature's blending;

Then April time is here again,
And all our hearts are singing;
She chases winter's gloom away,
New life to earth she's bringing.

BLUE MORNING GLORIES

In the first faint flush of morning
When the grass was wet with dew,
Birds were welcoming the dawning
In the trees that near me grew,
And I spied a sight that left me
Rapture filled;
Little strangers smiled up at me
And my happy heart was thrilled.

They had come, a lovely, bright band,
In the silence and the dark,
Little truants from the skyland,
Bits of heaven on a lark.
They had frolicked in my garden,
Glad and gay,
Till the sun had filled my garden
With his beams at break at day.

Then they looked, as daylight streamed,
For a ladder they might use
And my morning-glory vines seemed
Just the one that they should choose;
So I saw them gayly climbing,
Homeward bound;
They'll be weary of their climbing
Ere the journey's end is found.

A LULLABY

Softly are the breezes blowing,
Blowing, baby mine;
Dewdrops glisten in the tall grass
Where the moonbeams shine.

Sweetly is the nightbird calling,
Calling, baby dear;
Through the dark the purple lilac
Sends its fragrance here.

They are all thy slumber tending;
Sleep, then, baby, sleep,
Till the full signs of the morning
O'er the glad earth creep.

STAR PICTURES

By Elizabeth Ellis

When light has fled and all about the solemn darkness lies,
When countless hosts of twinkling stars are shining in the skies,
My mem'ry takes me back again to forty years ago,
My mem'ry takes me to the days, the happiest I know,
When I was just a barefoot boy, some forty years ago.

I see myself on summer nights with brother Jim beside,
As flat on backs, in dewy grass, we searched the heavens wide,
To find the pictures we saw hidden there among the stars,
To find the pictures all around bright Jupiter and Mars—
And, oh, the joy to find one first, up there among the stars!

Through all the years the same bright stars have looked on Jim and
me,
And deep within my heart I am the boy I used to be,
For often on a cloudless night as in those happy days,
For often on a starry night I upward turn my gaze,
To find the pictures that we found in those dear, happy days.

KITES

Trees are bending down their boughs

Now that noisy March is here,

With his blust'ring winds that blow now low, now high;

And the boys are in the fields

Holding strings I cannot see,

But I see their kites like birds against the sky.

There are some that will not rise;

They are whirled about and tossed

Till the wind in fury sends them to the ground;

But the few that go so high

Find the gales there left behind,

And they sail serenely in the peace they've found.

We, like kites, when held to earth

By our hates and jealousies,

By our selfishness, our many doubts and fears,

Find that life is no more kind

Than the winds of March that blow,

And the journey's end is all defeat and tears.

But by faith, and hope, and love,

We may lift ourselves so high

That the petty things of earth are left behind.

Though the gales may come and go

We will be beyond their reach,

And great peace and great contentment we will find.

FREEDOM

People say I'm in a wheelchair,

Sitting very, very still,

But I'm racing with the west wind

On the side of yonder hill.

People say I'm solemn, thoughtful,
But I'm laughing loud in glee,
As I dance among the flowers
Chasing butterfly and bee.

When they see me here, so quiet,
It's no prisoner they see;
Though my body says we captive,
Yet my spirit sets me free!

VALENTINE

Bluebells dancing,
At me glancing,
Are your eyes, my love;
Flow'rs entwining,
Bright hair shining
Golden just above.

Water singing,
Sweet bells ringing,
Is your laugh, my own;
Coming, going,
Roses glowing
In your cheeks are grown.

TRANQUILLITY

Silver sands that stretch away,
Wavelets lapping on the shore,
Of the tranquil, moonlit bay.
Silver sands that stretch away,
Dancing shadows seem to say
Here is beauty, evermore.
Silver sands that stretch away,
Wavelets lapping on the shore.

DUSK

Like a patient mother guiding her little one,
She leads in slowly the calm of the coming night,
For well she knows that the swiftly fading light,
Just shows to her that her work for the night is begun,
And that the fast departing rays of the sun
Will soon in all their splendor creep out of sight,
Till quietly, smoothly, they pause, and then are gone.
So dusk leads in night by the aid of a single star,
Twinkling from out the velvety realms of the skies;
So gently, so motherly, that it well nigh seems
As if some strange new force from regions far
With feather-like hands had touched our closing eyes
Into the stillness of slumber's soothing dreams.

SUNBEAMS

On a day that was gray and when mists hung low,
On a day that was bleak and drear,
Not a thing seemed to bring me a promise true
That 'twould soon be the springtime here.

I was chilled and was filled with a longing tense
For the sun with his bright, warm rays,
For a sight of the light and the cheer he brings,
For a glimpse of his golden days.

Then I spied at my side little sunbeams bright,
Yellow rays that were mine, all mine,
For I knew that they grew in my jonquil bed,
And my world now is bright and fine.

NATURE LOVERS

He who climbs the hill before the dawn
 To view the splendor of the rising sun,
 And stands in silence, awed by that he sees;
 A miracle, another day begun;

He who finds wild iris, broken, torn,
 By ruthless ones who cannot beauty know,
 And stoops in pity o'er the tattered flags
 With careful hands to coax them yet to grow;

He who sees at apple blossom time
 A cloud of petals whirling thru the air,
 And feels his heart a-thrill with happiness;
 He who, in fancy, dances with them there:

He never knows the tragic hand of time.
 New joys are his forever, and for aye.
 To him who loves her Nature is ever kind,
 And gladly brings her off'rings day by day.

THE
ENCHANTED REALM

—BY—

HONORIA MOOMAW

THE ENCHANTED REALM

LOST: SOME DREAMS

On an old gray porch in a small town street,
I see a woman sitting there;
They say she studied art for a while,
But her mother died and she had the care
Of the children and house, so she stayed at home.
She sits on her porch and mends and sews
While thin hard lines appear, and those
Who don't understand are afraid of her
Because she stares at them and seems
To frown; she has only lost her dreams.

In a glittering horseshoe in New York
I see a woman sitting there;
She studied her arts at a finishing school,
And learned how to hold a lorgnette with the stare
That always accompanies one; so she sits
In her golden box; she does not feel
The music, that has no appeal
For her, nor the wane of color around
Her; she must soon visit Lavin to choose
New clothes; she had no dreams to lose.

HOUSE FEAR

The door has closed;
They've all gone out for a while,
And fainter and fainter I hear their steps
On the walk.
I'm so glad for the little fire
In front of me.
It crackled in such a friendly,
Comfortable way, and I bask
In its warmth like a cat.

* * *

But the logs burn down,
And the red embers
Turn to gray,
And I'm all alone—
The floors creak so;
I must be very quiet
So they won't know I'm here.
Faces peer through the window,
And as I slowly turn my head
Elusive shadows disappear.

* * *

It must be almost morning,
They've been so long.
I hear their steps, and I rush to the door
To welcome them,
And mother says,
"I've been around to Mrs. Jones'
To get the recipe
For the cake you love."

THE HERALD

March winds are blowing fresh and clear,
Sweeping the corners here and there;
They peep in the alleys and swirl through the fields,
Preparing the way for Spring, the fair.

March winds blow their horns with a blare,
As they fly down the street sweeping all before;
They whistle 'round the house, and tap
At the panes; they slam each blind and door.

But March winds sweep clean and fresh and green,
As they swirl into corners here and there;
They lighten the alleys and smooth the fields,
Preparing the way for Spring, the fair.

THE CANARY SHOP

Sunlight sifts in through the narrow chinks
Of the shuttered window, and falls in a splash
Of gold on the floor beyond. With a flash
It strikes the edge of a gilded cage,
And, laughing, darts away. It drinks
Up the dark, and the shadows, as the blinds are thrown wide,
Disappear. A sleepy canary draws his head from his wing,
And, blinking brown eyes, he begins to sing.
With a low deep trill he begins, and then
With his head thrown back he soars to the notes
Of a flute, and fifty jealous throats
One by one join in. They preen
Their yellow coats, and twitter and chirp,
Bathed in the morning sun's warm sheen—
For worry the yhave not a single need.
An old women comes in with clean water and seed.

FICKLENESS

In the joy of youth I placed
All my idols in a row—
This little god and that
Before me, and I sat
On the sands and watched the sea;
Fascinated, I faced
The curling lips of foam
Until my little tin gods
Were swept away from me.
Then I cried quite a bit—
But as soon as the lights came out
I laughed with a laugh again free.

THE PRAYER OF THE BEREAVED

Those who see beyond
Say that you come to us again
Only to beat in vain
Against an immovable wall.
You, the living ones, look
At the dying embers of our soul,
And pity us. We are cold.
We long to light our torch
At the altar of flame and light—
But the veil, how it blinds
Our eyes. We see through a mist,
And with outstretched hands
We grope our way through the dark.
Oh, you who see, is there no way
For us, that we too may look
Past the dark?
Oh, you see, you pity us.
The embers of our soul grow bright;
A living flame springs up,
And we see, not with world's eyes,
For they were burned by the touch of Faith.
We see with the eyes of our soul,
We see around us the beauty of men,
And in all the beauty of God.

WANDERLUST

The wanderlust is now upon me
And I would travel far—
Far into the great unknown,
Trusting a distant star.

Through fog and rain and slanting sleet,
Loneliness, cold, and fear—
Far into the great unknown
I would like to steer.

Past river and lake and far-away town,
Past city and plain and spar—
Far into the great wide world,
Watching my distant star.

Through sunshine and night with a joyful heart,
Seeing fair visions afar—
On into the great wide world;
Thus would I follow my star.

THE ARTIST

She bared her soul to you
Unsought, and, before you, there
It lay, half quivering
With expectant hope, then fear
As it saw your curious stare.
You flung it back to her
With scorn, and laughing turned
Aside, not caring in
Your egotistic rush
How, or what you spurned.
And there it lay for years
While the cobwebs of restraint
Bound it in vise-like chains,
And all the unshed tears
Had warped and strangled her soul—
But one day a master key
(In the hand of one in tune)
Was fitted in the lock,
And, like a savage bird,
Her soul, unbound, flew free.

THE DEATH OF SONG

Your soul is deep and cool,
And passionately sweet,
To be crushed and bruised
By the passing throngs of feet.

O Earth, look down and see
What you are crushing there—
A little song,
How rich it is and fair.

O Earth, you've left us no song,
You have hidden it there in the mud;
And lying there
I see just a drop of blood.

ENCHANTMENT

When all the world had grown quite still,
And the last mortal lights had all gone out,
The moon rose up high over the hill.

Each blossom opened its petals wide—
The rose, and iris, and blue larkspur,
And fairies danced out on every side.

The fairies and elves all laughed and sang,
And the poplars fluttered their silver hands,
And the jolly little blue-bells rang.

But when the first pale streaks of dawn
Appeared, and the moon had said good-bye,
They all ran back to their homes on the lawn.

* * * * *

And all the flow'r petals quietly close
And the children all come out to play,
But only each flow'r with its fairy knows.

A SONNET

Were you born today, or a thousand years before,
That you would wish a horse and sword and lance,
Or perhaps the admiring, sly, coquettish glance
Of the fair and noble Lady Eleanore?
Must you count your dragons and giants slain by the score?
Need you return to past, long gone, for your chance,
And in living today, to look around you askance
At us, and then turn and go back to old, old lore?

The radiant suns still rise from the east as of old;
Each sun still goes to rest with a glorious smile
Of rose and old blue; the stars and moon by a bold
Stroke of the Painter's brush for mile on mile
Have still their silver hue. All is not yet told;
But, boy, why not come back to the earth for a while?



THE MISSILE

THE MISSILE

A GHOST FLIVVER

By Frank Temple.

Through the northern valley of New Jersey, which lies between the high wooded palisades on the east and the foothills of the Orange and Ramapo Mountains on the west, the little towns are strung along like beads on a string. Beyond the town of Tenaflly—an old Indian name—the real country begins: wide fields, old-stone farm-houses with hipped roofs, built by the early Dutch settlers, grazing cattle and orchards.

But despite these rural characteristics there are many mansions crowning the palisades, and the fine automobile roads give their owners easy access to the great, crowded metropolis where a great part of the world's business is done.

It was in one of these little villages that Jim Kirkland and Cap Tierney, one a retired fire-fighter of New York City and the other a former member of the detective force of that city, were talking over old times when Russ Kirkland, the brother of Jim and a member of the New York detective force, drove up hurriedly in what

appeared to be a very fast racing car. Russ was on the porch of that humble home in almost no time, and from what bits of the conversation that he heard, Bud, an adopted son of Jim Kirkland, was able to understand this much: An Englishman, by the name of Forrester, who has given Scotland Yard and the New York police so much trouble has finally succeeded in escaping from Sing Sing and is now practicing the hold-up profession in this part of the country. He is always alone on a job, and instead of using a fine machine he uses an old rusty flivver. He stalls it across the road and crawls under. A big car rolls up and the owner asks if he can be of any assistance. Forrester crawls out on the further side and the rich guy finds himself facing a gun of a wicked looking calibre in the hands of a tall, lean man with a soft voice, close-cut gray hair, and a mask over the lower part of his face. He is always polite, but he never misses a ring or a dollar. When he has cleaned out the party he smashes the carbureter of the

big car with a hammer, hops into his flivver and is lost among the thousands of lizzies that cover the roads. The victims get to a telephone and report the robbery, but when it comes to describing the machine they might just as well have described a pebble on the beach, and by the time the police have stopped a million lizzies Forrester is safe.

Russ Kirkland had come out to get Cap Tierney to help him on the job of trapping this fellow. The New York police had already assigned him a fast racing car and the fastest driver in thirty-two States, and had suggested that Cap Tierney, a retired member of the force, should help him. Tierney had a camera eye and never forgot a face, and partly because of this and partly because of the fact that he had a good many medals for straight shooting, the lieutenant had appointed him to help Kirkland.

For nearly a week these two and Orlando, their speed maniac, driving, traveled the roads in that part of the country trying to run against the man, but without satisfactory results. Now after another one of these days they sat down to eat when the telephone rang and Russ Kirkland answered it.

It was the chief of the detective bureau and Russ afterwards described the plan as suggested by

the chief.

"There's a big wedding up at the Marshal country place," he told Tierney. "The chief got the family to give out to the newspapers descriptions of the old family jewels that would be worn by the bride—about a million dollars' worth. They also published a list of the wedding gifts: pearl necklaces, diamond tiaras—"

"Ta-ra-ras, you mean," corrected Tierney.

"And," went on Russ without noticing him, "a magnificent custom-made limousine in which the bride and groom will drive away on their honeymoon."

"Plenty of bait in the trap," said Tierney. "But will Forrester fall for it?"

"We'll find out about eleven o'clock. Have you greased that old gun of yours since you retired?"

"She's concentrated olive oil," replied Tierney, "and I spend an hour every day shooting the eyebrows off the katy-dids because the dumb things keep me awake nights until the roosters get on the job. Russ, I'd give a lot of money for a good long sleep in a subway station where there's plenty of the music I was raised on."

Bud, a lad of fifteen, helping his foster-father get the supper, did not miss a word of the conversation.

Suddenly he piped up, "Let me go with you, Unc."

"Swell chance."

"Well, get me a chance to ride with the bride and groom," Bud offered. "I'm sure I could help. Say, I could slip around and put Forrester's flivver outa whack while he's busy holding up the others."

"It sounds too easy, Bud; you stay home. Forrester's no man to fool with."

Bud subsided, cleared off the table and sat down to think after the detectives were gone. After the speed car had been gone an hour or so Bud could be seen strolling along the road towards the station whistling innocently. He seated himself comfortably in the double circle provided by the two spare tires on one of the big limousines waiting to go to the wedding, and before long he was hid in the bushes just outside the gate to the Marshal estate.

The night was beautifully clear, every star shining and the harvest moon showing just a tiny segment over the sleeping world when the honeymooners left the Marshal estate with the rice rolling from the fenders of the sumptuous car given them as a wedding present.

Bud, being a little boy, "caught on behind" and snuggled in the double circle. Only a slight purring of motors broke the stillness

of the dark, smooth roads.

Far ahead, the lights of the honey moon limousine shone. Two hundred yards behind, Orlando swung his racing car out of a side road with his lights dimmed almost to nothing. The trap was baited for the old, grey fox, Silent Forrester. Would he try to snatch the bait and run?

Halfway down the palisades the horn of the Marshal car sounded. The chauffeur slowed down and blew again. Across the road stood a flivver, a rather ancient looking tub, much in need of paint, and a forward mudguard bent. The Marshal car came to a halt and Bud slipped from his perch and darted into the bushes, a heavy wire cutter in his hand.

From behind the flivver he saw a tall man appear with the lower part of his face masked and carrying a wicked looking gun. The fox was about to take the bait.

Bud had reached a point in the bushes opposite the flivver and was on his hands and knees trying to cut the pipe, leading from the gas tank to the engine of the lizzie, by means of the wire cutters. Suddenly Forrester wheeled and made for the blockading lizzie. He had perhaps seen the dimmed lights of Orlando's car or heard the low purr of the motor. In a few seconds Forrester had wheeled his car and was off down the palisades.

Bud had just enough time to grab the spare tire by a none-too-strong fastening.

"We've got him, Russ! We've got the old fox," shouted Tierney in triumph.

"But ain't is disappointing to Mike to be chasing a flivver," laughed Russ Kirkland. "Just run alongside of him and we'll do the rest." Ahead was a tiny red spot—Forrester's tail-light.

"Sure," said Orlando as he gave his old boat more gas, but the red spot didn't seem to come any nearer.

"More gas, Mike," urged Tierney. Orlando looked at his speedometer. It registered fifty miles per hour. He pulled down the throttle. Instead of gaining on the lizzie the red light diminished perceptibly. "That's funny, ain't it? He's trying to walk away from me," said Mike. The speedometer showed sixty and yet the faint red spot grew fainter as the two cars flew over the road.

"More gas," yelled Russ. "Step on it."

Orlando began to get interested. It was entirely incomprehensible, a flivver trying to walk away from one of the finest machines that ever left a shop, but the red light was now only the size of a ruby. He gave his flier more gas. "Look at the speedometer," he shouted to the detectives as the car roared down the road with the cut-out

wide open.

"She's making eighty," Tierney told him. "More gas."

Orlando was game. He had played with death at the wheel so often that he liked it. The little red star began to grow. "I guess we'll catch him now," he said.

The tail-light ahead disappeared around a wide curve in the road. In a few seconds Orlando took the same curve at a lower speed, but was prepared to try for ninety miles per hour when two glaring headlights showed dead ahead of him on the wrong side of the road.

It looked like sure death. The momentum carried the car on after Mike put on both hand and foot brakes, the outer casings of the tires burning away and the inner tubes bursting. The old boat held upright, but was out of business. Steady and tried hands at the wheel had saved their lives.

The three men got up ready to cuss the driver who had met them on the wrong side of the road and on a curve, but the headlights had vanished. They strode forward bitterly, to think that they had been cheated of their prey, thinking that the offending motorist had cut out his lights. They found no car. They listened and couldn't hear no engine.

"Did you see it?" asked Orlando.

"I did," said Russ.

"I did, too," Tierney said, "and all of us can't be dreaming."

They searched the fields and ditches. There was no trace of a car. There was no side road, no lane, no hole in the ground that the car could have entered.

The following day after the pursuit of the phantom flivver and the strange adventure with the disappearing car brought Russ and Tierney back to Jim's cottage. Jim was standing at the gate with great anxiety in his faded blue eyes.

"Have you seen my boy, Bud?" he asked. "No? He hasn't been home all night, something has happened to him." The old fire-fighter was almost in tears.

"I'll bet everything I've got," broke in Cap Tierney, "that he'll show up before night. Did you inquire around in the village?"

"At every house."

"Can he swim?"

"Like a fish," said Russ.

"Then he ain't drowned. Is he deaf?"

"Not much."

"Then he wasn't hit by a train or automobile. Say!" A smile spread over Tierney's face. "He'll be in soon. I'd be willin' to bet he tried to get in on that Forrester business. Didn't he beg to be taken along?"

It was about sunset when Bud showed up, caked with dust and dirt. When Jim finished scolding him and hugging him at the same time, Bud turned to Tierney and

Russ.

He told them of his terrific ride on the elusive lizzie, which was able to outdistance Orlando and his racing car.

"That flivver is weighted down with iron and lead to hold it to the road," he explained. "But the engine and gears weren't made by Uncle Henry in Detroit; they were made for high speed and the body is only a disguise."

"Well, if that don't beat—," ejaculated Tierney.

"And did you think there was another machine running head on into you?" asked Bud.

"Did we?" exclaimed his Uncle Russ. "I thought we were all gone, boy. We saw its headlights coming for us and on the wrong side of the road, but when we looked for it, it was gone like a ghost."

Bud scraped some of the dust and dirt from his eyes and resumed his tale. "Unc, I was holding on for dear life behind that lizzie when suddenly the tail-light went out and two shutters opened revealing strong search lights. He slowed down and began to back slowly and then as your car came up he closed the shutters and went forward at full speed, but didn't turn on the tail-light."

"Well, I'll be —," bellowed Russ. "Boy, it's a wonder you weren't killed."

"I was trying to stick with him until I found where he lived and

then to phone you or the police, but I was shaken off when he made a railroad crossing," continued Bud. "It didn't hurt me much, except to think of the chance I missed. But he turned into a side road right after that and I showed the police where he parked and after a while they caught him, and, Unc, they promised to give me his flivver."

A NATURE WORSHIPER

By Ruby Perkins.

Yes, hungry, thirsty, sick and cold, you found
And took me in; at night you gave me a bed;
With your streams you quenched my thirst; oh, yes, you fed
Me in a kindly manner; the herbs on the ground
And the fleece of the sheep you fashioned and cast around
Me naked; I was sick, with herbs you sped
To my side, and nursed me back to health; I was dead
With blues; and you filled the earth with a joyful sound.
I longed for beauty, you strewed it everywhere,
In mountains, valleys, plains, the sky and the sea.
"I want a companion," I cried out through the air;
You heard and came, and taught your secrets to me.
Oh, nature, I have learned to look on you
As a friend, a companion, and as a teacher, too.

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF A FOOTBALL GAME

By J. Leon Cantor.

Scandal touched our little hamlet with a heavy finger of scorn, following the arrival home from college for the Thanksgiving holidays of the mayor's son in a badly battered condition, which included a black eye, sprained arm and ankle, and two front teeth missing. When the city papers arrived the next day, some of the whippers were silenced when our parents frowningly read that his scars were "honorable" ones received in the big football game of yesterday; but the news and its hero effectually placed a ban on such rough

sports among the coming generation.

Thus, since I have witnessed my first game of football, I am writing this in the hope that the several dozen boys like myself who were restrained from indulging in any more arduous pastime than "shooting marbles" will read and profit by my experience accordingly. The very fact that I explain the game as it looked to me, without employing any technical terms, will aid the novice in his conception of the amusement.

As I approached the designated field of play, I was caught up and pushed along with the crowd to the arena-like stand, where a great audience alternately sits and jumps up and down singing and shouting something which proved unintelligible to me, and which must have proved irrelevant to the players, who ran out on the grid-iron later on. However, I found that the spectators quieted down when some one blew a whistle.

The contestants seemed to have taken sides and were in two lines facing each other, as if they were going to begin the Virginia Reel. A stout little man had the pig-skin and called out his telephone

number to inform his opponents that he was ready to play, after which he threw the ball through his legs to a muddy fellow in the rear, while the crowd cheered, which seemed to be a signal for each man to try to upset his neighbor. Sometimes the man with the ball threw it at another man, whereupon all chased the new man and sat on him. After the game was over, the man who had been sat upon the greatest number of times, was taken on the crowd's shoulders, not to be mobbed, as I thought, but to be dressed, as a kind lady informed me.

This state of dishabille seemed to have characterized the players, for many of their garments were quite disarranged when they emerged from the game.

I have read recently of something of new rules being passed which prohibited the use of brass knuckles, black-jacks and short lengths of lead pipe in the sport; however, I suppose Thanksgiving was chosen as most appropriate for the big game so that more spectators could return to their humble homes with words of thanks on their lips that they did not have to participate in a football game.

MY OLD APPLE TREE

By James Tison

You're so bent and twisted and bare,
And how cold you seem to be
As you stand so silently there.

How you shiver and shake with fear
Lest the wind should e'en chance to see
You so bent and twisted and bare.

With limbs fairly clawing the air
You little resemble a tree
As you stand so silently there.

Your shapes are many and queer,
Like an evil spirit to me,
You're so bent and twisted and bare.

But lo, what a change is wrought here!
Can that be my old apple tree,
Which once stood so silent there?

What a perfume now fills the air!
What a beauteous sight to see!
Were you bent and twisted and bare
As you stood so silently there?

HIS NEMESIS

By Elliott R. Fisher.

Gore quietly opened the drawer in which he knew Burke's pistol was kept, and in the light of a pocket flashlight withdrew the weapon. He jerked out a handkerchief with which to wipe clean any possible finger-prints. A wallet that had become enmeshed in the handkerchief fell to the floor with a faint thud. Gore quickly recovered it, and dropped it with the handkerchief into his coat pocket, snapped off the light, and waited. Convinced that he had attracted no attention, he tiptoed to the library and drew aside the

heavy portieres.

Gore paused for a moment as he gazed at the figure of a man slumped dejectedly in a chair. Then he slowly raised the pistol.

"Burke!"

The man in the chair started violently and sprang to his feet. At sight of the pistol his eyes opened wide in terror.

"I have come for my revenge, Burke," rasped Gore.

Burke paled perceptibly, but his voice was steady.

"Murder, you mean. Cold-blooded murder."

"Yes. I'm going to kill you."

"You'll swing for it."

"Not much," sneered Gore. "I've laid my plans carefully. They'll call it suicide. This is your own gun. They'll find it by your body. Your shortage at the bank will be motive enough to satisfy them."

"My shortage! You know about that?"

"I do," leered Gore. "And I'm taking advantage of it. Ta! Ta!"

He pulled the trigger. There was a metallic click, but no report. He aimed again, but before he could shoot, Burke was upon him, knocking the pistol from his hand.

The two men struggled fiercely for several minutes. Presently Gore felt himself being bent backward across the table, Burke's fingers at his throat. His hand closed upon a steel-bladed paper

knife that lay within his reach. With an inarticulate gurgle, he struck with all his force. Burke crumpled slowly to the floor, blood pouring from a hole in his breast.

For a moment Gore was terrified. He had not planned for this. But quickly he realized his advantage. There had not even been a pistol report to attract a chance passer-by. Hastily he wiped the handle of the knife with his handkerchief and clasped the dead man's fingers around it. Then he recovered the pistol, returned it to the drawer from which he had taken it, and stepped out into the darkness.

He glanced guardedly up and down the dimly lighted street. There was no one in sight. Everything was in his favor. It couldn't have worked better. He felt a little nervous, he admitted to himself, but it was only natural that he should, of course. He could easily conquer that.

As he strode on he went carefully over each step of the crime. It had been perfect. Burke would be found with his own paper knife plunged into his breast, and with his own finger-prints on its handle.

Suicide, obviously, committed rather than face the disgrace of arrest for misappropriation of his bank's funds.

Gore chuckled as he recalled the cleverness with which he has led the unsuspecting Burke into a

financial difficulty at a critical moment, feeling sure that Burke would "borrow" from the bank to tide him over.

Yes, the crime was perfect. There wasn't a loophole. And a dangerous, hated meddler was out of the way.

Suddenly he whirled about as a hand was placed on his arm.

"Got a match on you?" asked a stranger. Gore gasped his relief.

But his hand shook violently as he produced a match. The incident unnerved him. His assurance was gone, and he found himself peering furtively into the shadows. He cursed the man volubly as he strove to regain his calm. Just a few minutes more now and he would be home. Somehow the thought comforted him.

As he was about to turn into a side street at the next corner, he stopped short at sight of a policeman coming toward him. Instinctively he took a step backward, planting his foot in the gutter into a puddle of water. With a smothered oath he crouched against a stone wall until the officer had passed. His lips were cursing when he stepped back on the sidewalk and snatching out his handkerchief rubbed futilely for a moment at the mud on his trousers legs. Giving up in disgust, he broke into what was almost a run and continued on his way home.

Inside his house, he cursed him-

self bitterly for his foolish fears. He must conquer himself. What need had he to fear? He poured himself a drink, and as the liquor coursed through his veins his confidence returned.

Gore rose early next morning, and with studied calmness sought the morning paper. As he had expected, there was a full account of Burke's death. The body had been found by Burke's wife on her return from a theater, the paper said. She had immediately summoned the police. There was no doubt in the minds of the detectives that Burke had committed suicide, for the knife that was plunged to his heart bore his own finger-prints. The detectives were at a loss for a motive until upon investigation they had learned that Burke had been discovered to have missed the bank's money.

Gore reveled in that sense of security. He was more than amiable to his housekeeper at breakfast, and later when she timidly announced her need of money for a household bill, he smiled good naturedly and reached for his wallet.

Instantly his face froze. The wallet was gone!

Feverishly he strove to recall where he had left it. He remembered distinctly placing it in his coat pocket in Burke's house. He had not touched it since. The struggle!

He had dropped it during the fight! A thousand needles pricked his scalp at the realization. But the paper had made no mention of it. He snatched it up and reread the article. No; it wasn't even mentioned.

Gore was deeply puzzled. Certainly it must have been discovered. And his name and address were in it. Perhaps the police were keeping it quiet hoping he would not discover his loss until too late to make a get-away. His impulse was to flee.

But even if had not been found, it might still be there safely hidden from view. He must stay—must go to Burke's house immediately—this very night—under cover of darkness.

Gore had worried himself into a serious state of mind when a few hours later his door bell rang, and the housekeeper ushered in an officer in uniform. He blanched and leaned against the table for support, but managed to keep a semblance of poise.

The policeman smiled. "I'm glad to find you at home, Mr. Gore," he said.

"Yes?" Gore managed to stammer.

The officer nodded. "An article of some value was found last night not far from here, and we believe it to be yours. Have you lost anything, sir?"

"L—lost anything? Wh—why,

no. I—What do you mean?"

The officer eyed Gore steadily for a moment. "No? Well, we were sure that this belonged to you." He produced a wallet. "There's a card of identification in it, but the name is smudged—all but obliterated—but—"

The rest of the sentence was lost upon Gore, as breaking out in a cold sweat, he dropped weakly into a chair.

The name smudged! Burke's blood! He had dropped the wallet beside Burke's body! He was trapped!

"Don't torment me like this," he screamed. "I did it. I confess. I killed Burke!"

The policeman stared. Then his eyes narrowed as they bored into Gore.

"You did kill him, eh? Why?"

"For revenge," croaked Gore. "He was a menace to my safety."

"And you planted his fingerprints?"

Gore nodded and cruppled in his chair.

The officer was silent for a few moments. Then he said grimly, "Gore, you have confessed to a crime of which you were never suspected."

The wretched man sat bolt upright. "Not—not suspected? But didn't you say you found my wallet beside the body?"

"I did not," returned the officer. "You dropped it at a mud puddle at the corner of Burnson's mansion. It was found there by the cop on this beat. I was simply returning it to you."

GOD'S WAY

By Harriet Pope

Flow'rs are gone, and leaves are falling,
Nothing now seems quite so gay;
All the birds have ceased their calling,
Gone from the winter skies so gray.

Wood and field alike are lonely,
Lying in sombre and peaceful shades,
Broken by tread of rabbits only
Making their usual daily raids.

Trickling of brooks no more is heard,
Playing of stream o'er pebble and stone
No longer accomp'nies the song of the bird,
But waits till Spring to regain its tone.

Why is the world so turned to sadness?
God, His own faultless will discerning,
Will in time change all to gladness,
If we but wait for Spring's returning.

NUNQUAM

By Ruth Akerman.

As I came in sight of the High School building that crisp Monday morning, the whole place seemed to have an unusual appearance. The yard was free from the trash that formerly disfigured it. The walks, the porch, and the hall were unbelievably clean. When I arrived in the cloakroom, my classmates were hanging up their coats.

"Aren't you afraid to leave your purse here?" I asked one girl, who was starting away.

"Of course not, silly," she answered with a laugh. "There are fifteen dollars in it, but no one will take it."

Astonished, I could only walk silently to the home room. There the whole division was gathering, but though the time went by, there was no roll call.

There was no teacher to keep order in study hall, but throughout the period quiet reigned as the pupils worked intently on their

lessons.

In recitations, I marveled at the students' perfect mastery of the lessons.

"They all study because they like the work, and the teachers don't have to make anybody study, or behave. There aren't such

things as demerits any longer," I was told. In bewilderment I exclaimed:

"What has happened to the school?"

"The world ended February 6, and we are living in the Millennium."

A RIVER

By Irene Simonson

Clear are its depths where the eddies play
 With colored pebbles and sparkles of light;
 Its dimples deepen as they whirl away,
 Now to the left and now to the right;
 This beautiful river so lively and bright,
 With its gentle rise and fall of the tide,
 Ripples over the rocks now lost to sight—
 Beautiful stream! By the village side.

When the sun has cast its shining ray
 On this rippling stream in its joyful flight,
 It looks as if some unknown fay
 Has cast his magic in the night,
 And filled the waters with delight,
 As the herbs on the brink of the river ride,
 Or hide from view as if with fright—
 Beautiful stream! By the village side.

When the moon shines in its bright array,
 Over beautiful waves with caps of white,
 Like sentinels watching along their way,
 To wander and gaze on this stream in flight;
 As it glimmers through with all its might,
 On to the sea its waters glide,
 As if in search of some great height—
 Beautiful stream! By the village side.

L'ENVOY

I envy this stream as it glides a-right,
Laughing and gurgling in all of its pride,
Wending its way to some sea or bight—
Beautiful stream! By the village side.

THE KID

By Stanley Clarke.

"Just look at that sunset," said the Kid, without warning.

We stared at him. We had been watching the setting sun in an unbroken silence. It was unbelievable that one of our number should violate the unwritten rule and speak his appreciation of it.

The Kid was a slim, white-skinned lad with light hair and blue eyes. His voice was soft and low. The men just endured him, but the women seemed to go wild over him, although he avoided them.

He had come into town a few weeks before, and Taylor had given him a place in his store.

"That sunset reminds me—" the Kid began again.

He was interrupted by the boys.

"That sunset—"

Again he was broken off.

"What I'm trying to say," the Kid persisted, "is that the sunset looks like a Purple Rider sunset. They tell me he generally appears after such a one."

That was different. The Kid had really said something. The Purple Rider! Faces grew grim and hard, eyes narrowed, lips tightened into straight lines as we stared at the horizon.

Yes, it was a Purple Rider sunset. The sun, a molten red ball, was dipping its flaming mass into the gray sea on the western skyline, and as it sank lower it threw up such a spray of fiery colors that the horizon seemed to be ablaze.

"Who is this Purple Rider?" asked Kelly. He was a newcomer in our outfit, a capable man who had blown in from the north a week or so ago.

"How high is up?" answered Moore. "Say, if any of us knew who the Purple Rider is, he'd have the pleasure of collectin' ten thousand dollars."

We gave Kelly all the information we could on the subject.

Many towns had offered rewards for his capture, dead or alive. Several professional men had come from the east and had

gone back without a clue as to who the Purple Rider was.

"What does he look like?" asked Kelly.

Nobody knew. None of his victims had ever lived to describe him.

About three in the morning there came an awful clatter in the bunk-house. Waking, we saw Kelly, the new man, pulling on his clothes at the open door. Bill Sherman, almost dressed, was joining him, and they were yelling to us to get up. Then they moved from the door-way, and about a mile off we saw a pink glow in the sky. That snapped us out of our bunks double quick.

A few minutes later we rode into town and found Taylor's store burned to the ground. Some thirty feet from the rear of the building lay poor old Taylor, shot below the heart. His stiffened hand was clamped on his gun, which had one empty shell. He must have died trying to get the bandit.

That bandit, we all agreed, was the Purple Rider. Setting fire to the scene of his crime was his signature. The purple sash was missing. But we remembered the crimson sunset.

"Where's the Kid?" Moore wondered. "He must have been in the house."

The Kid had a room upstairs over the store. Taylor always slept downstairs.

No one had seen the Kid, not even the first arrivals. Could he have been burned while he slept? We wondered.

"Not him," sneered Bill. "Probably cleared out and is shakin' in the bushes. He couldn't tell us a thing. Come on, boys, let's pick up the trail, if there is one, before it gets too cold."

We went into the foothills and followed the foot-prints of a horse. We found the purple sash, which the Purple Rider wore, and a blood-spotted piece of cloth.

Around a bend we got the shock of our lives. The Kid's horse was standing in the middle of the road and at one side, sitting against a boulder, was the Kid himself. As we rode up, he had a gun pointed at us, but it wobbled, then fell from his hand. We saw that he was bleeding from a wound in his right shoulder.

"Don't tell us you've been trail-in' the Purple Rider," shouted Bill.

We could feel his opinion of the Kid rising, and ours was mounting with it.

The Kid smiled.

"Hardly that," he said. There was a new quality in his voice and smile, something hard and reckless, that made us stare curiously at him.

"Well, what are you doin' here?" asked Bill.

"I was gathering strength to keep on going."

"Goin' where?"

"Oh—just going."

"Now, look here, Kid," snapped Bill, "don't fool with us. We've picked up this trail, and we've found the Purple Rider's sash. Here it is. Tell us what you know. How did you get plugged?"

"Taylor did it, just before I shot him," said the Kid coolly.

At that Bill yanked him to his feet. Then we saw what the Kid had been sitting on—a little canvas bag that belonged to Taylor. Bill's foot kicked against it, opened it, and out spilled money, silver and gold pieces, and a couple of rings that we recognized at once as Taylor's.

"What's this mean, Kid?" asked Bill.

"It means you've caught your man," he said quietly. "I happen to be the Purple Rider. Now I'm not going to say another word until you hand me to the sheriff. Let me get on my horse, then take me to the jail."

Before we could get our paralyzed vocal chords in action, he was in the saddle.

Then, as we all started talking at once, he fell forward unconscious against the horse's neck.

"The crazy fool," Kelly granted. "There's no doubt he pulled this job, but now he's tryin' to grab some notoriety for himself by sayin' he's the Purple Rider."

That afternoon the word was

sent out that the Purple Rider had been caught.

The Kid told the sheriff his story, revealed all of the murders that he had committed.

The boys wanted the sheriff to turn him over to them, but he told them that it was unlawful and that it was his duty to keep order.

After supper Moore addressed us in the bunk-house.

"Boys, I've been learnin' a few things from the newspaper men," he began. "They tell me that the Rider will be taken for trial to the county seat. You know what that means. He can only be tried for this one crime he's been caught at. He'll hire smart lawyers, plead insanity, and win his case with money he's got salted away, money he gained by murder. Is that right?"

"No!" we growled, and Bill Sherman's voice rang loudest. Even he was convinced now that the Kid was the Purple Rider. Kelly was the only one who still allowed that the Kid was a crank, claiming a record he'd never accomplished.

"All right," said Moore. "Now I've found out that the sheriff and a deputy are goin' to sneak the Rider out of jail at nine o'clock and ride north with him. They know he ain't safe here. We can wait for them at the cross-roads. There's enough of us here, I reckon."

Te turned to Kelly.

"Do you want to be in on this, Kelly?"

"No," said Kelly. "You know what I think. The Kid is just a loco lad. Count me out."

About nine-thirty we were in possession of the Purple Rider, alias the Kid.

We hustled the prisoner towards the dangling rope's end. Then Moore reached out for the rope.

"Stand still, gents! Hold your hands high over your heads and don't move."

That gruff command came from back of us. Whoever was there had the drop on us, and our fingers went pointing skyward.

"Now turn, gents, very slowly, keepin' your hands aloft, and gaze on the one and only Purple Rider!"

As we turned, we looked first at two guns, leveled straight at us, the most business-like pair of shooting irons you'd ever want to see. Behind them stood a good-sized man, and over his face was a mask and around his body a purple sash.

"The Purple Rider!"

It was our prisoner who gasped out these words.

"Yes, you little crook," growled the newcomer. "The Purple Rider in person. Now tell these poor idiots the truth. After I shot old Taylor, didn't you get away with the money by jumpin' out the upstairs window? And didn't I wing

you as you ran?"

"Yes," half-whispered the Kid, "I had taken the money upstairs instead of leaving it in the safe. You hadn't figured on that, had you?"

"No," snarled the other. "I didn't know you were upstairs, or you wouldn't be alive now. Well, you ain't got much longer to live. Now suppose you speak up and tell how come you've pretended to be me."

His voice rang with the boastful pride of a man who held himself to be an artist in his own line. And it was the voice of a killer.

"I'll tell you why," said the Kid. He was sort of shaky and nervous, yet somehow he didn't seem afraid.

"Do you remember shooting the superintendent of the Crest Mine and burning the shack where his young baby lay in its cradle?"

"Yes, I do," snarled the Rider. "I fired the shack because I wanted that guy to tell me where the payroll was hid."

"He didn't have the payroll," said the Kid. His eyes glistened as if he had a high fever. "I had taken it down to the bank that day. And I came back to find my husband dead and my baby—oh!"

As those heart-rending sobs broke out, we knew the truth about the Kid at last.

The guns in the Purple Rider's hands shook suddenly, then steadied again.

The woman at the rope's end went on, choking back her weeping.

"I swore then that I'd hunt you down, force you into the open. I believed that if you were painted as a ridiculous figure you wouldn't be able to endure it. I staked all on that belief—and I've won. You've come!"

"What good has it done you?" the Rider asked. "Here stand your good men, their hands in the air. If one of them moves as I back towards my horse, he's goin' to drop. There ain't a chance in the world to get me!"

"There's not a chance in the world for you to get away," said the woman. "Behind every rock and tree in this place there's a man with a gun aimed at you. You're

trapped!"

"You lie," he shouted. Then he fired point blank at her. But Bill Sherman stepped in front of her, and the bullet that would have pierced her heart lodged in his thigh.

The Purple Rider turned to run, and every man of us whipped out his gun. But before we could raise them, guns barked from trees and bushes and rocks. And as the Purple Rider fell and lay still, men came running in from all sides.

They bent over the thing that had been the Purple Rider, and took off the mask.

It was Kelly.

We knew then why he had been so sure that the Kid was not the Purple Rider.

WONDERS

By Frances Manson

Sometimes when I try to think my mind wanders in dreams
And follows along a gleam which is far away;
Not in the paths where commonplace thoughts ought to stay,
But laughing to find out the pattern of God's wonder schemes:
Why all the world is made bright by the sun's yellow beams,,
And why he puts clouds in the sky that oft hide the sun's ray;
Why stars shed their beams in dark night, and are absent in day;
Why brooks paint life pictures and why there's blue dye in the streams.
The reason, it seems, why at even the skies change their hue,
That in day are so bright, and at night that are ever so dark,
And the reason the sky shines with diamonds that sparkle so far,
Is that God wanted heaven to turn from light coral to blue,
And at night lit these bright lights, the way for the traveler to walk,
And to keep him from going astray by the sheen of a star.

THAT HORRIBLE BRIDGE

By Powell Lum.

I had struggled. Struggled hard, but vainly nevertheless, for their superior forces overcame me. I could not resist them longer. I was powerless in their hands. I shuddered as I thought of what now lay before me. For months I had succeeded in holding them off, but I could no longer, for they had made me, forced me to promise that I would try to learn to play bridge that night. I had yielded in sheer exhaustion. How I regretted it now! If only I could get out of it in some way, but there was no hope as I realized too well. I must just fold my hands and await my trial.

They came over to the house that night, only too soon, I thought. The table was ready and we sat down to play. I was told by one of them—whom I shall call Mrs. G—that she would explain the fundamentals of the game to me. The other lady and her husband, Mr. Smith, volunteered their assistance also. However Mrs. G. began with a torrent of meaningless rules, each one of which was disputed by the married couple. I was completely left out. After a half hour of discussion which almost made me giddy, Mrs. G. turned suddenly and asked me if I understood. I nodded dumbly,

so we began to play. All went smoothly for a while, for I was not in it. It seems there was a dummy somewhere in the game and at every hand Mrs. G. would inform me that I was the dummy. I took it for granted.

About the third hand Mrs. G. placed one of the decks before me.

"Please make these," she said.

"Make them?" I replied.

"Certainly."

I looked around bewildered. Mr. Smith, who was my partner, saw my astonishment and laughed uproariously. When he had subsided, the ladies were looking at him in a threatening manner, but he ignored them and turned to me.

"She means, Jim, that you must shuffle the cards."

"Oh," I answered, quite abashed.

"You see," he replied, "the ladies will use Work's terms, but I prefer Hoyle."

"Work is decidedly the best," Mrs. G. answered. "Will you cut the cards, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith separated the deck laying half of them aside.

"Please complete the cut," Mrs. G. said. "Work says always complete it."

"Well, he'll not make me work to do it. Besides Hoyle says you should not complete it."

And so they argued.

We played for two and a half hours and I was the dummy, or at least they said so, the whole time. About eleven o'clock they said perhaps they had better go. I let them, for I didn't do like some people, tell them it was early, "please don't go" and then when they are just outside the door moan and grumble about the nerve of them for staying so late.

I got up to see them to the door.

When I did so I felt I had been sitting down a week. It's a terrible feeling to be like that. When they finally left I sank down in my favorite chair by the fireside and soon fell asleep over a book, as is a habit of mine to do.

For the next few weeks I didn't answer the telephone for fear it would be another invitation to play, but none came after that so I must have been the dummy after all.

THE NIGHT WIND

By Susie Hamilton

The night wind chants a sad refrain,
Its voice now low, now shrill;
It sings of darkness, cold and rain.

It seems to fill my heart again
With lonesomeness and chill;
The night wind chants a sad refrain.

It rattles at my window pane,
With many a shaky trill;
It sings of darkness, cold, and rain.

The trees all echo to this strain,
And beckon from the hill;
The night wind chants a sad refrain.

It travels on with high disdain,
Its mission to fulfill;
It sings of darkness, cold, and rain.

It fills me with a longing vain,
A pleasurable thrill;
The night wind chants a sad refrain—
It sings of darkness, cold, and rain.

ON STONY GROUND

By Virginia R. Gilliam.

The Reverend Exodus Wiggers was a good man and a good minister in practically every respect. He knew that no minister within twenty miles had so large or so devoted a congregation. Yet on this bright Sunday in August, although he had preached an unusually fine sermon, and had eaten an unusually fine dinner, he was unhappy. The reason for this was that he took his own sermons just as seriously as he expected his congregation to take them. His text that morning had been on the lost sheep, and the master leaving the ninety and nine to find it. He had ended with, "and, Bretheren and Sisteren, the Lord expects us to do likewise. If there is a unconverted sinner with which you is acquainted, you has failed in your church work just like you had forgot to pay your dues. Now there is a sinner in this county. I ain't gwine mention no names and we all know him. It is our Christian duty to convert him and bring him to the Lamb." He was thinking about this. Next week was "stracted meeting," and if he intended to do anything, now was the time.

He thought over the man's life. It was all bad. Diddymus—he had been christened Thomas Diddymus

Chrystopher Holmes Westley Peterson Sinclair Jones, but few people knew the whole name—had been when very young the chief mischief-maker in the Reverend Exodus's class in Sunday school. Later, when he was not so much under the control of his mother, he had refused to come to Sunday school at all, or to church either. He had not been inside a church for twenty years, and he boasted that he would never go again. He had owned a still, and been caught twice. He had served a year in jail. It was well known by his friends that his present occupation of crap shooting would last only until he could put up a still "unknown" to the prohibition officers. It was the common opinion that he would find a way, because, as a friend put it, "Dat nigger boy am too smart to be a nigger."

You can see that Reverend Wiggers was up against it. He went about the matter in a sensible way, however, and did not try to convince Diddymus by any description of future life. He knew no argument of this kind would touch the man, and that he would have to prove that the church would be of some material benefit now. Finally he worked out a plan which he thought would do.

Next day Mr. Wiggers called on Diddymus in Pleasant Washington's store. Since his still had been broken up Diddymus could usually be found there "rolling de bones" with Richmond Pleasant's brother. After "howdy" all around, Exodus said, "Diddymus, I would like to talk privately with you. Will you step out doors a minute?"

Diddymus replied, "'Tain't no use. I ain't gwine jine dat church o' yourn noway. Yo' mought as well leave me 'lone."

"I ain't gwine axe you jine no church. I jest wishes to tell you some things for your own good."

"Oh, all right. I'll listen to yo' fo' one fi' minutes, an' das all. I'll be back pretty soon, boys. Now what yo' want?" he asked as they came outside.

"Diddymus, did you ever consider the need a man has fo' the church in life as well as death? A church helps you long in business; it gives you a good standing and makes people think more of you. Now ef you took that little change you has saved and bought a store and then joined the church, you would prosper like the dandelion."

"Man yo' words don't mean nothing atall to me. I—ain't—gwine—jine—no—church."

With this Diddymus returned into the store, and the Reverend Exodus went sorrowfully home.

Great was his surprise to see

Diddymus come upto the mourner's bench the first night of the meeting. After church he spoke to him about it. "Diddymus, I shore is glad you has reconcided."

"A spirrit got me, Mr. Wiggers," replied Diddymus, "and I had to come. He was all white and he said ef I didn't mend my ways, I wouldn't git long noways a tall. I said yessuh and I come here to-night."

"That spirrit was a warning to you, Diddymus, the which you did well to follow. I welcomes you into our church."

Diddymus was at the mourner's bench every night that week, and in due time was baptized and received into the church. About five days after his baptism, he announced that he would like to be a hermit for a year to atone for his sins. He would see nobody, and speak to nobody except Richmond Washington, who helped him about his little farm. He would not leave the place except to come to church, and no one was to come on his farm. The entire congregation agreed to this. It would be a fine thing to have a hermit in their midst, especially as no other church had one. So Diddymus became a hermit for the good of his spirit.

He never missed a Sunday at church, however, and the church could not help but show its pride in him. When the year was nearly

up, they decided to have a day of thanksgiving to celebrate the great change which had come over him. First they would have church and then "an elegant and tasty feast." Diddymus thought it his duty to come to church, and he was finally induced to come to the feast, too.

Yet all was not going as well with him as it seemed. He came to Mr. Wiggers on the morning of the great day just before church, and asked for the prayers of the congregation.

"I needs dem prayers, Mr. Wiggers," he said, "my spirrit is in danger, and mebbe prayers kin save it." Mr. Wiggers and all the "bretheren and sisteren" did their best to save the spirrit of "our brother, Diddymus." They prayed and prayed, and after four hours in church went out to their well-deserved dinner.

As Diddymus stepped out, the sheriff who was standing by the door caught one of his arms. The county prohibition officer caught the other.

"Diddymus," said the sheriff, "you blessed hypocrite, come on. This is your third offense, and I'm going to put you in for it. Don't wriggle; we've got Richmond, too."

"Our hermit ain't done nothing wrong is he, Mist Pettibone?" asked Exodus. The rest of the crowd were too amazed and scared to speak.

"Nothing to speak of, Exodus," replied the sheriff. "He's only been using a hundred and fifty-gallon still, and selling it as fast as he could make it. A load of spirit was to have been delivered today. He knew the road was watched, and so he sent Richmond. We caught him in the act."

"Lawdy!" ejaculated Exodus, "what you don't know about your fellowman is everything. I don't believe nobody after this."

"And I don't beleve in church," said Diddymus. "Yo' said it would help me in my business. Well, I did fool you good, but yo' prayers didn't help me none today. I could a done that good without no church."

At that moment Sister Maria Berry interrupted, "Does we eat dat feast or does we go home? Hit looks lak a sin to hab a feast in honor of a man lak dat."

"We goes home, Sister," replied the minister, "an' we must keep on praying for our Brother Diddymus to see the true light."

THE STARS

By Alice Ruffin

The twinkling stars are the eyes of the night,
Which silently watch the sleeping earth;
And softly cast their radiant light
On hills and valleys far below,
With a steady, silent glow.

The stars above us glisten on high,
As thick as dewdrops at early morn;
They dot the meadows of the sky,
Like jewels with their beaming ray,
And rival the sun of day.

The day has only one bright light
To send its beams on the earth below,
But countless millions shine in the night,
And send their rays on each sleeping home,
And on the ocean's foam.

PERSONALITIES

By Frank Temple.

The whole world is made up of personalities: personalities that are interesting and personalities that are peculiar, mysterious personalities and fascinating personalities. There are kind and good personalities, mean ones, funny ones, fickle ones and disgusting ones. I could mention a million more kinds of personalities, but after giving such a weighty matter my deepest and most serious consideration I have come to

the inevitable conclusion that it would be unwise.

Now I have a particular friend that has an indeed perplexing personality. I might add that she is a very intimate and very dear friend. No, this is no extract from Miss Dale's "Young People's Love Affairs." She has been very, very nice to me—at times, and yet I am unable to decide exactly whether I should trust and believe in her or not. Neither have I been

able to make up my mind definitely as to what adjective would fit her personality best. She's fickle, it's true, but she's good enough to make up for it. She's certainly lovable —; in fact, I've become so attached, or infatuated, I might say, that it would be physically impossible to forget her ever if she should kick me. Well, I suppose about the best way to describe Lizzie's personality would be simply to say that she could be correctly named any one of the million types that I decided not to name.

But maybe I'm just in a peculiar mood and have overrated my Lizzie's personality. I really shouldn't expect so much of her because I do neglect her shamefully—forgot to put her in the garage tonight, which is only one of many such nights; and she hasn't had a drink for weeks. Poor thing! I think of her every night after going to bed and resolve to give her more consideration. Tears come to my eyes

and now I must pause to wipe them away —. I wonder what kind of personality Lizzie would call mine?

I'll repeat it. The world is full of personalities—as many different ones as the human beings. But why should I restrict it to human beings? A bee certainly has a stinging personality, and the personality of a hammer is indeed striking. The personalities of a good many furnaces are to be admired even though they generally spend most of their time giving off hot air. I like a big, square-jewel fountain pen, one that will hold a quart, and whose general appearance is business-like. There's a personality for you. I've got a mirror in my room whose personality is a disgusting one. Every time I look at it it insults me. And yet it would be hard to get along without it. There are a million different kinds of personalities in this world.

ADORATION

By Robert Pully.

The bird's sweet note in the spring!
I love to hear them chirp and sing.
Brown leaves in the autumn times—
Oh, God, I love your world.

I love the winter with its blast,
The feathery snow that falls so fast.
Strong winds in March, that blow—
Oh, God, I love your world.

The rippling brook, the pale moon's gleam,
Golden glow of the sun's bright beam;
Too many, in their beauty—
Oh, God, I love your world.

TWO RIVALS

By James T. Whitehurst.

In our peaceful little town everything seemed to be dead to some, but among the younger set, and especially two of the boys, there was always plenty of excitement. These two boys had been companions for life, always the best of friends, although they were quarrelling most of the time because they were great rivals in everything. They were the exact opposites in every respect.

John, one of them, was very peculiar. Among his friends he was known as "Reindeer," not because of comparison, but because of contrast. He was very slow to think and even slower to move. He had a very playful mood and was extremely good-natured. His chief hobby and greatest delight was riding around in Dodges with the fair sex.

Cameron, the other one of the

pair, was known as Plute. As the name implies, he bore relation to the god of the underworld, for he was full of devilment. Plute was very quick-witted and was always talking even though he said little. As an athlete he was unexcelled, being one of the fastest runners in the city. His chief hobby was throwing off on the slowness of Reindeer.

Reindeer and Plute had just entered into the wonderful age of romance at the present time. Again that same rivalry entered into their life, for as we can easily guess both fell in love with the same girl. After many weeks they were still where they started, both on even terms. The girl who was to decide the outcome of this affair was very attractive and pretty, and to Reindeer and Plute, Flora was a goddess. Reindeer with a

flock of Dodges was not able to gain any favor over Plute, who by his continual athletic achievements appeared to be getting the edge on him.

One day we find the two in the greatest excitement, for Flora had said that she would prefer the one that was first admitted into the society of the Robin Hoods. To be in that society was the aim of every boy in the school, but to enter it was a difficult task. To select a member, two boys would be given a task to perform and the one who performed it with the greatest courage would be chosen as a member. Reindeer and Plute had been selected for the test. The test was to go to Blandford Cemetery on a certain night and get a bottle of water from a certain tomb and carry it to a lonely grave on the outskirts of Walnut Hill. The thought of the outcome of this test caused Reindeer and Plute many nights of worry.

At last the destined night arrived and the two met at the appointed place, both in a very gloomy frame of mind. During the walk to the cemetery neither of them said a word. Upon their arrival they found that the gates had been locked and that they would be forced to climb the walls. To Plute this was a easy task, but Reindeer had much trouble, and if it had not been for a barrel which he found nearby he might have

been forced to give up the task. After he got over the wall they started again. The deathlike appearance of the many graves made both of them wish that they had never left home, but they kept on bravely.

"If you don't hurry up, I will leave you, you slowmotion," said Plute.

"Aw, you won't dare to; you are scared to go on by yourself," sneered Reindeer.

"You better shut up, before I shut you up," responded Plute.

They finally came to the grave with the bottles on it. They each took one and started back. Reindeer as before had the same difficulty in crossing the wall. During their journey through the town their former courage returned to them, and they fairly ran through Walnut Hill. However, Plute always found time to chide Reindeer for his inability to keep up with him. John has little to say, but steadily kept on. Things were beginning to look blue to him, for thus far Plute had the advantage.

After a short while they came to the grave and both entered the enclosure together, when all of a sudden three white figures rose up from different parts of the enclosure. Both of them instantly became dumfounded, but Plute, quick to think and still quicker to move, dropped his bottle and in an outburst of speed left poor

Reindeer to meet his doom.

Reindeer, slow to think and still slower to move, stood there like a statue. Finally his brain told him to move, but his feet failed to function, so there he stood like a true martyr. Suddenly the figures disrobed and rushed to Reindeer, and to his surprise they were members

of the Robin Hoods.

The next day we find Reindeer riding in a little Dodge with Flora beside him, and in his hat was a feather, the emblem of the Robin Hoods. As they rode past Plute's house, they saw him on the porch reading a book called, "How to Hesitate in the Face of Danger."

WHIMSIES

By Virginia Gilliam

TO AN UNGRATEFUL CAT.

Since you were starving, I made you mine.
Told you at once you could always stay;
Taught you cat manners, that you must obey.
And then, ungrateful feline,
Straight you made a beeline
Cross the garden; walking on my pansies all the way.

TO A MOCCASIN SNAKE.

Though you are called an humble creature,
Temper is your noted feature.
'Tis not I who'll stop and fight you.
Not for the world would I excite you.
Though I call you mean in spirit,
Far away I go to do it.

A TRIOLET.

Some fishing worms, a rod, a boat,
A sultry summer sun,
And blisters burned on face and throat.
Some fishing worms, a rod, a boat,
Unending patience learned by rote
And fishes, not a one.
Some fishing worms, a rod, a boat,
A sultry summer sun.

THE DREARINESS OF PERFECTION

You may think this world is a terrible place,
And hard to dwell amid,
When you had the worst hand that ever you saw,
And were fooled by your partner's bid.

But please remember this, my friend,
As you go about your mission
Of saying how stupid people are,
There could be a worse condition.

If nobody had a single fault,
And the stupid people were gone;
When things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
Whom could you blame it on?

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

A POETRY NUMBER.

In this issue of the Missile you

will find a new feature. The High School is very fortunate in having fine poets in its student body. The special feature this month is a collection of poems written by three

school poets. All of the poets are in the Senior Class and have done excellent work in English. We are specially featuring their poems to show the public just what the High School does in this branch of study. There are other worthy poets in the school, as our former issues have shown; but these three are especially to be congratulated on their fine work.

L. S. G.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School Spirit is an essential subject to be brought to the minds of P. H. S. students every year. We know some of you get tired of continually reading and hearing about *School Spirit*.

At the beginning of each Athletic Season—the Football Season, the Basketball Season, and Baseball Season—you are called on earnestly to support your teams. This should not have to be done. You should take enough interest in the activities of your school to want to see all the games and know what is going on.

Each term you have to be urged to subscribe to the "Missile." We don't like to keep nagging you to subscribe, but in order that the "Missile" may be a success we must have the co-operation of each and every member of the student body.

This is not all "School Spirit" means. Of course you should back

your teams and your school paper. It is a part of your school life, but that is not all you should do. Be honest. That is the *best* way to show your "School Spirit." Do you think it is fair to your school to be dishonest? No! Do you know that bad news travels faster than good, and is, nine times out of ten, greatly enlarged? If one student does a dishonorable deed, the whole town knows all about it in a very short time, and the whole school is condemned. Do we want evil reports, of which about half are true, to be circulated?

If you hear a bad report about your school, don't spread it; find its source, and then investigate its truth. Let each one of us be able to say "That is not so" to every bad report about our school.

We have the finest school in the State. Let's keep it so. Protect your school with your School Spirit. It is up to you, fellows.

L. S. G.

The general appearance of the school has been much improved since the Civics Club started its clean up campaign, but what about the writing on the walls? The walls are certainly just as noticeable as the floors, and it is just as important to keep them clean.

If you are nervous and are marking the wall with your pencil just for something to do with your

hands, why not use the unsharpened end of the pencil which will not make ugly marks?

Those marks stay on the walls as long as the walls last, and it does not seem fair that we should inflict ugly walls on the future pupils of the High School, when a little more care and thought would keep them clean.

You people who are so careful

to keep all trash and paper off the floor, is it not much easier to keep the walls clean if you only think about it?

We believe this disfiguration of the walls is the result of carelessness, and a little more thought would prevent it. So let's use the little more thought and make the walls as clean and attractive as the floors.

V. R. G.

LITTLE MISSILES

Dumb: What makes you think Mr. Scott won't give you a rotten grade in math?

Dora: I handed in an anonymous test.

Irate old lady to neighbor in subway: Sir, your glass eye has broken my hat-pin!

Grandmother: Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those stairs!

Little Boy: Wouldn't? Hell, you couldn't!

Teacher: Mr. Smart, what is work?

Sleepy Stude (stretching and opening one eye): Everything's work.

Teacher: Do you mean to tell me that this table is work?

Stude (closing eye and resuming former attitude): Sure; wood-work.

"I'm off that girl. She insulted me."

"How?"

"She asked me if I danced?"

"What's insulting about that?"

"I was dancing with her when she asked me."

MY TRIOLET.

By Elva Lee Pearson.

I have to write a Triolet,

It's awfully hard to do.

I wrote the other kinds and yet,

I have to write a Triolet.

But what's the use to fuss and fret,

When that won't get you through?

I have to write a Triolet,

It's awfully hard to do.

Miss Guerrant (in 4-A Civics):

When the president is in his room at the capitol today, what will he be surrounded by.

Lucy Boswell: Mirrors.

Mr. Miller, in 4-A English, after reading some Anglo-Saxon aloud: What would we think this was if we should hear it coming over a radio?

Voice from the rear: Static.

Mr. Freas, in 4-A French: Of course we can't realize what woman had to do long ago, now when we have vacuum cleaners, electric irons and cookless stoves.

Lives of babies all remind us,

We can make our lives less rough;

And achieve our hearts desires

If we'll holler long enough.

Swimming Instructor: Can you swim very well?

Freshman: No, sir; but I can sure wade.

Mother (proudly): This is my son, Freddie, Mrs. Higgings. Isn't he a bright little fellow?

Freddie (accustomed to being shown off in public): What was that clever thing I said yesterday, mother?

First Stude: When I was sight-seeing in Italy, I came across a girl who went to Varsity. It was in a very quaint city.

Second: Genoa?

First S.: No, but it didn't take me long to get acquainted.

Staunch captain: Now then, my hearties, fight like heroes 'till your

powder's gone—then run! On account of this rheumatism in my leg I'll have to start now.

Doctor: Bah, you are all right, your pulse is as regular as a clock.

Virginia: You have hold of my wrist watch, sir.

Teacher (to sleeping pupil): You're not fit to sit by anyone with sense. Come up and sit by me.

Girl in cooking class: Dear me, my cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet.

Miss Guerrant: Lee Park is a beautiful place, both historically and naturally. You should go out and see it. e

Pulle: Hugh, I go out there every night.

FROM THE DEPTHS OF A TAXI.

Mildred: Would you mind changing seats with me?

Jimmy: Why?

Mildred: I'm left-handed.

Thin Lady: You're a coward—you're even afraid of your own shadow.

Fat Lady: Well, why shouldn't I be? It looks like a crowd following me!

"Pola Negri is Russian, isn't she?"

"I guess so—those movie stars are all pretty fast."

Johnny: Ma, would it kill the baby if he fell off the bed?

Mamma: Of course it would!

Johnny: Naw, it wouldn't. Go in an' see for yourself.

"How are you getting along since your wife went away?"

"Fine. I'm reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks now from either end."

The most stirring passages ever written are found in the Cook Book.

Sam: Com' along to mah house and play Mah Jong.

Bo: Nigah, does yo' think ah wants to ruin mah jazz aplayin' does classycal numbahs?

Many a true word has been spoken between false teeth.

GOOD JOBS FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES
Calling out the stations on an ocean liner.

Deck swabber on a submarine.

Fresh: "And how did you say you became a great orator?"

Senior: "My boy, I began by addressing envelopes."

The Sheik: "Through the Sahara's worst storm I have come to see thee, Nellie!"

Sheikess: "Aye, Rudy, thou must be a man of grit."

Pupil, in 4-A Physics, working

an experiment: "Mr. Holmes, why doesn't this thing come out right?"

Mr. Holmes: "Well, that experiment is right hard for you. You have to use your head in physics."

The 4-A English Class was making up a rhyme to illustrate iambic meter.

Mr. Miller: "Grasshopper" isn't enough. We need another foot. Can some one suggest something?

Sara B. Smith: Two grasshoppers.

Teacher: "What does rex fugit mean?"

Stude: "The king flees."

Teacher: "Make it perfect tense by using has."

Stude: "The king has flees."—Ex.

"I'm on fire with love for you," he cried.

So her father came in and put him out.—Ex.

He was jealous, violently jealous. No wonder, then, that when he heard the opposing quarterback sing out, "1-4-5-9," he leaped through the line and strangled him. It was his girl's telephone number.—Ex.

"Mary, I'm not going to have you reading novels on a Sunday."

"But, mother, this one's all right. It's about a girl who was engaged to three clergymen at once."

PROHIBITION IN 1930.

The night had grown very dark,
And all the lights were out—
A lonely figure emerged,
Intent on crime no doubt.

He crept along the walk,
And out by the old prison wall,
And stopped in the lot beyond—
It seemed with no reason at all.

In court next day they brought
In a man who'd drawn two fines,
Simply on the charge
Of picking dandelions.

H. M.

"My roommate ate something
that poisoned him."

"Croquette?"

"Not yet, but he's pretty sick."

"Words fail me," said the boy
as he flunked the spelling exam.—
Ex.

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES.

I'd rather be a could-be
If I could not be an are,
For a could-be is a may-be with a
chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a has-been
Than a might-have-ben by far,

For might-have-been has never
been,
While a has-been was an are.

Rat: "I'm a musician."

Robert: "How do you figure
that out?"

Rat: "Well, I have drums in
my ears."

Mr. Miller: "Why do you think
that Chancer dictated to a
stenographer?"

Stude: "Just look at the spell-
ing."

She: "My husband certainly
does enjoy smoking in his den.
Does your husband have a den?"

Other She: "No, he growls all
over the house."

Jim: "Rastus, how many yards
does it take to make dat shirt you
got on?"

Rastus: "Ah don't know, but ah
got two out of one yard last night."

PHILANTHROPY.

"I hear that Jones left every-
thing he had to an orphan asylum."

"Is that so? What did he have?"

"Twelve children."

SCRAPS

On April 2-4 the convention of
teachers of the Fourth District
was held in our school. Mr. H. G.
Ellis, superintendent of the Peters-
burg public schools, made the ad-

dress of welcome. Some of the
other speakers were: Mr. Harris
Hart, superintendent of public in-
struction; Dr. Anderson, of Ran-
dolph-Macon Woman's College;

Mr. Fred Alexander, president of the State Teachers' Conference; Mr. J. A. C. Chandler, president of William and Mary. The teachers were entertained with music by the orchestra and girls' chorus of P. H. S.

The school has voted to have a handbook as brought up by the Student Council. This book will be a general directory of everything in the high school. Billy Irvine, of the Student Council, has been elected editor, and he has already begun work on the book. The book will have forty pages of valuable information about our school.

The 4-B Civics Club, with James Tison as president, certainly has done a fine piece of work so far this term. They ought to be congratulated not only for getting up the petition whereby needed articles have been gotten, but also for bringing such a fine speaker before the student body. We all thank Major Leroy Hodges for his interesting and instructive talk on Virginia. His talk brought out many facts unknown to us, such as the roping of wild horses on an island in northern Virginia.

The School Weekly News also has done fine work this term. The review of the churches of Petersburg and their work was very interesting and inspiring. Also, the

reports of different manufacturing concerns have been excellent.

The Hi-Y Clubs, both Junior and Senior, have ended for the year. These clubs, which are considered organizations of the school, have done much this term towards bettering the moral conditions in the school. The plan formed by the Juniors and backed by the Seniors has worked, and the clubs have been thanked for their work by the school.

At last we have the Junior High School coming. The high school has been so crowded that several "chicken houses" have been built to accommodate the students. Now, when we get the Junior High, these houses will be torn down, and the high school will look a whole lot better.

When this issue of the Missile has gone to press, we shall almost have ended the school year. Just think, summer is but two months off. But, as usual, something always ruins a joy: exams come before the vacation. Study now, pass your exams, and you will enjoy your summer better. We wish you all good luck on exams, and a very, very happy vacation.

Since this is the last issue of the Missile for this school year, we shall review the athletic games of the year so that you may know

what our teams have been doing. First, let us take the boys' basketball team. Here are the scores:

P. H. S., 32; Dinwiddie, 2.
 P. H. S., 21; B. M. A., 5.
 P. H. S., 26; O. A. C., 8.
 P. H. S., 41; W. B. C. H., 5.
 P. H. S., 11; John Marshall, 20.
 P. H. S., 31; McGuire's, 7.
 P. H. S., 14; U. R. F., 12.
 P. H. S., 17; John Marshall, 37.
 P. H. S., 10; H. S. F., 12.
 P. H. S., 22; N. N. H. S., 19.
 P. H. S., 29; W. M. F., 19.
 P. H. S., 19; N. N. H. S., 27.
 P. H. S., 32; Hampton, 12.
 P. H. S., 30; Maury, 29.

This is a fine record for the year. The members of the team are: W. Hawkins, W. Wells, J. Best, W. Andrews, H. Barnes, R. Barnes, A. Ramsey and A. Fischer.

Then, the girls also have made a record to be proud of. The scores are:

P. H. S., 33; M. & R., 19.
 P. H. S., 51; Lynchburg, 29.
 P. H. S., 13; Collegiate, 28.
 P. H. S., 36; St. Catherine, 19.
 P. H. S., 45; Lynchburg, 20.
 P. H. S., 38; Richmond Normal, 18.

P. H. S., 52; Richmond Normal, 19.

P. H. S., 45; M. & R., 26.
 P. H. S., 32; John Marshall, 18.
 P. H. S., 45; Kenbridge, 23.
 P. H. S., 18; Dinwiddie, 25.
 P. H. S., 24; Dinwiddie, 26.
 P. H. S., 42; Kenbridge, 37.

The members of the team are: Elizabeth Hargrave, captain, Doris Southall, A. Deffenbaugh, N. Williams, "Gwen" Hardy, M. Major, K. Hennessey and M. F. Hatchett.

The baseball season has just opened, and by the beginning the predictions are for a winning team. The scores up to the present time are:

P. H. S., 13; Hopewell, 3.
 P. H. S., 21; Emporia, 9.
 P. H. S., 5; Chester, 4.
 P. H. S., 3; McGuire's, 6.
 P. H. S., 3; John Marshall, 5.
 P. H. S., 3; McGuire's, 0.

The members of the team are: C. Baxter, G. Wingfield, V. Tallman, A. Mallory, P. Baxter, A. Ramsey, C. Wade, L. Inge, J. Branch, R. Livesay, M. Underwood, G. Bowman and W. Friend.

R. H.

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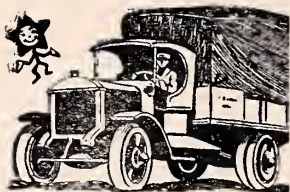
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